

No. 17

Horatio

15.

A D R E A M.

Qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris. VIRG.

MY Brain having of late been much disordered with politics, I applied to a medical friend, whom I thought the more capable to prescribe for me, as he himself had long been exceedingly afflicted with the same distemper.

He ordered for me a draught, which I took at bed-time; but which, although it set me asleep, instead of affording calm repose, filled me only with roving slumbers.

I thought I beheld *Edina* lying in a frightened posture, and a handsome man, dressed in a sable robe of figured sattin, mounted on a horse strongly resembling that on which the statue of Charles II. is seated in the Parliament Square. The horse was adorned with a ducal coronet; from its mouth flowed this label, *Amo*; from its fundament guineas were copiously discharged, for which a tumultuous mob were greedily scrambling; and the youth who bestrode him was spurring up the horse to ride over *Edina*. Behind, a tall and meagre figure, on whose back was written *Nobody*, rode upon an ass caparisoned with the *insignia* of the city of Edinburgh; and from his mouth flowed these words, *Am not I thine ass?* The rider, in one hand, held a banner, on which was displayed the effigy of WILKES; and there was written on it, *Blue Blanket*. On the top of the staff was born the cap of Liberty, from which the name of WILKES seemed to be erased, to make way for that of STODART and LIBERTY. In his other hand, with a parcel of large keys which he griped very hard, he pointed to a jail, where an unfortunate man was lying on the bare floor; and the rider, with gaping mouth, roared forth LIBERTY. A parcel of hideous curs, linked in one chain, were barking around, and worrying *Edina*. On their collars I saw engraved, DELEGATES—CONGRESS—LINDSAY—HAY. But the exclamations about liberty, the braying of the ass, and the yelping of the curs, awaked me in fear and confusion.

I had recourse again to the potion my friend had prescribed me: I fell asleep; but was well nigh distracted with the objects which presented themselves to my imagination. At the upper end of a room, marked No. 9. and which seemed destined for a more gentlemanly company, stood the effigy of a Saint, wrought in gold. On the pedestal were written, *Saint MARTIN*; and a little below, *MOLOCH*. Before the Saint, a lank and black wretch was worshipping. He held before him a mask, on which was written, *O LIBERTY! O MY COUNTRY!* And he was sacrificing to the idol, a child which cried out, *Oh Uncle! take all I have, but spare my life!* Round a table were assembled a motley group. At the head of it, a youth adorned with ribbon and star was shoving a parcel of money-bags, on which were marked, *No interest*, to a person wearing a gold chain, and a bird sitting on his forehead, to whom he said, *Keep these for me.* Before the noble youth lay a map of Scotland, to which he pointed with something that strongly resembled a sceptre. On one side, stood a man with an ax in one hand, upon which were stamp'd, *Young and hot-headed*; in the other, a glass. From one side of his mouth flowed this label, *Sir Laurence Dundas for ever, 1776.* From the other, *D--n--t--n to Sir Laurence and all his adherents, 1777.* Over his head were these words: *Out of the same mouth come blessings and cursings.* At the foot of the table, stood a young man, whom I took to be the same with that who, in my former dream, bestrode the horse. From his right waistcoat-pocket depended this label, *Member for the County*; from the left, *Would be for the City*; from his right fob, *Attorney-General*; from his left, *Dean of Faculty*; on his cravat, *Embargo on Shipping, Additional tolls, 1775.* On a feather, which waved from his hat, these words, *President of the Court of Session*; in his hand he held a Great Seal, which, however, some other person jointly grasped. And from his mouth these words: *Virtue its own Reward.* He muttered also something about Moderation, Modesty, and Meekness of Spirit, which I did not distinctly hear. At his back was a picture of the Temple of Liberty; on the pillars which supported it, on one side was written, *Placemen*; on the other, *Pensioners*; over the capitals, *Plurality of Benefices.* In the centre of the pediment, was a medal, bearing a *cheveaux de frise*, or Isle of Man coat-of-arms; on the one limb was written, *Legislative*;



Legislative ; on the other, *Judicative* ; on the third, *Executive* ; round the margin this motto, *Tria juncta in uno*.

By this time, the company at the table had each a bumper in his hand. They roared out, *Confusion to all order*, and swallowed the toast. They then sallied forth, in such haste, that they had well nigh tumbled each other down stairs ; and with the matches, which they held in their hands, they set fire to all quarters of the city. I flew home to protect my family, from the rage of the populace, and the fury of the flames : But the scene had such an effect on my imagination, that I wakened in a transport of horror.

I dashed the Apothecary's bottle on the floor. I cursed my friend for his prescription ; and I execrated burgh politics, as the greatest mischief and misery that can befall a community.

Edinburgh, 20th Sept.

1777.

H O R A T I O.

Legislature; on the other, Judiciary; on the third, Executive; round the margin this motto, *Three Estates in one*. By this time, the company as the table had each a bumper in his hand. They roared out, *Glory to all orders*, and swallowed the toast. They then talked loud, in such haste, that they had well nigh tumbled each other down stairs; and with the matches, which they held in their hands, they set fire to all quarters of the city. I flew home to protect my family; from the rage of the populace, and the fury of the flames; But the tocsin had such an effect on my imagination, that I was roused in a transport of horror. I dashed the Apothecary's Ball on the floor. I cursed my friend for his prescription; a weak and bungling politician, as the greatest mischief and misery that befall a community.



H O R A T I O .

Edinburgh, 20th Nov. 1777.